

NEW SERIES.

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

WEEKLY



MUSEUM,

AND

PHILADELPHIA REPORTER.

Devoted to Literature, Piety, Morals, Arts, Domestic Economy, Humor, Pathos, Criticism, Poetry, News, &c.

Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Communications,
thankfully received,
At No. 164 south Eleventh street.

Three dollars per Year, or One dollar per Quarter,
payable in advance.

THE KISS:

OR

MOHAMASIM THE ASS-DRIVER.

It was the custom of Mohamasim to rise with the sun, and drive his asses through the streets of Bagdad. All the world is aware that the milk of those animals is a sovereign remedy against stupidity. Mohamasim, therefore, grew tolerably rich, for there was not a citizen who did not persuade his neighbor that he stood in woful need of the remedy. Twenty years did he pass in this uninterrupted course, without a murmur, and without a wish. He had heard all speak with enthusiasm, of the pleasures of variety: yet heard with indifference. To him, that was most grateful which was most easy; and, though not supernaturally wise, he had discernment sufficient to discover that most things become easy by perpetual recurrence.

'Tis a piteous truth, that, be our inclinations howsoever unaspiring and inoffensive, they are equally subject to opposition with the most turbulent and ambitious. We may as well expect to

live for ever; as to be for ever fortunate. Life is at best but like the beard of Hamlet's father, a sable silvered. Even the humble existence of Mohamasim, it seems, was to be chequered with trouble: for one day, as the sultan passed by, the poor fellow, seized with a fit of coughing, wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Unfortunately, by the laws of the Ottomans, it is a capital crime to wipe your mouth in the supreme presence; but the sultan who then reigned, having an uncommon portion of humanity and forgiveness, ordered the punishment to be mitigated to a thousand lashes. Now, as Mohamasim could have no claim to feeling, for he was an ass-driver, a thousand lashes were a mere flea-bite to him; even the courtiers, a kind of personage renowned for compassion and fine feeling, did not deny the justice and lenity of the sentence; for what crime could be more atrocious than to wipe one's mouth in the presence of a being who wore red morocco slippers?

Punishments are bestowed in Turkey with somewhat more alacrity than rewards are given in England. Mohamasim was stripped with summary celerity, and had received a dozen tolerably smart applications to his shoulders, when the sultan ordered the executioner to stop. The executioner, having lent his sovereign money, cared not an iota for his commands, so proceeded. The truth was, that having run up a score with Mohamasim, for milk, he bore him inveterate animosity.

ty; for there is nothing so merciless as ingratitude. Stay your hand, said the vizier, but still he proceeded. Stay your hand, exclaimed the courtiers unanimously; but still he proceeded. Dog, said the sultan, enraged, stay thy hand, or thou shalt be hanged, like the coffin of Mohammed, between earth and heaven. As the man had no violent inclination to be hung, he withheld at last, and Mohamasim had the satisfaction of hearing him told to go about his business. Mohamasim, said the sultan, if thou hast not contrived, before one revolution of the moon, to kiss the princess Roxalinda, thou shalt receive the rest. Commander of the Faithful, said Mohamasim, rubbing his shoulders, thy will is indisputable; mankind are thy slaves; thou speakest and art obeyed, nay, more than obeyed. Dust of my feet, replied the sultan, tamper not with my patience; choose, or this moment is thy last. Let me consider, said Mohamasim, with a playfulness he could not conquer, shall I now have *nine hundred and sixty* more of these pretty, agreeable, jocose lashes, or a kiss of the princess? Why, truly, I believe I shall prefer the kiss, if it be merely for the sake of variety. The sultan smiled, and left him.

Well, said the ass-driver, when alone, can this be rejection; can this be choice; or receive nine hundred and sixty lashes from the heavy hand of that unmerciful scoundrel, or kiss the princess Roxalinda, the most angelic of mortals; the darling of the universe? Am I awake?—It would have puzzled Merlin himself to determine how long he would have soliloquized in interrogations, had he not been interrupted by the melodious remonstrances of his animals; but no sooner did the well known sounds salute his ears, than he started as from a trance, and, running to embrace his companions, profaned the very lips with which he was to kiss the princess. Never did a scene exhibit more pathos on the one side, or more indifference on the other. The truth is, that asses are not remarkable for tenderness.

As he quitted the animals, the difficulty of obtaining an interview with the princess, for the first time, occurred to him. Mirthful and thoughtless, he never dreamed of obstacles till he tumbled over them. It was not till now that he suspected the sultan, in giving him his choice, had condescended to be facetious, and that, in fact, his shoulders were doomed to be flayed as inevitably,

as though Gravity herself held the lash. In the name of the Prophet, said he, where, when, and how shall I behold the princess Roxalinda? What hast thou to do with her, said a neighbor, slapping him with friendly freedom on the shoulder?

Before I proceed, it were not amiss to observe upon the dissimilitude of customs in different nations. In Turkey, you prove the strength of your friendship by raising a tumour upon your neighbour's shoulder. Lapland, being intolerably frigid, the inhabitants greet each other with an amicable squeeze by the nose, remarkably conducive to a more general circulation of the blood. The Dutch, of proverbial phlegm, usually apply a bamboo of some ten or twelve inches in circumference to each other's posteriors; a practice, say they, which, while it depresses the body, elevates the imagination. In France, where all are soldiers, none are esteemed friends who have not interchanged a brace of bullets. Our northwest regions, bearing a stronger affection for their apparel, than for aught besides, invariably seize each other by their coats, supporting a smart conversation until all the buttons are twisted off or a dozen buttonholes decreased into one. We have, indeed, as well as the Turks, a fashion of tapping on the shoulder; a circumstance which renders sufficient reason for deriving the one nation from the other; especially when we consider that their 'C u □' answers exactly to our 'Aye,' except that it is pronounced and spelled differently, and varies altogether in signification. But to return:

'What hast thou to do with the princess Roxalinda?' Do with her, said Mohamasim, chuckling, why I lie under the disagreeable necessity of kissing her. What! Mohamasim the ass-driver, kiss the princess! kiss your asses, you idiot. I have, said Mohamasim. Yes, and when thou shalt have surmounted yonder walls, escaped the vigilance of five hundred eunuchs, and explored thy way through inextricable avenues, thou shalt kiss Roxalinda.

In melancholy mood did Mohamasim one moment contemplate the walls, and the next place his hands upon his shoulders. Oh Roxalinda! exclaimed he, among the multitude of thy admirers, who more urgently needs, who more ardently desires a kiss, than Mohamasim the ass-driver. Then did his rustic imagination dwell upon her various beauties; her shape so delicate, so majestic; her motion so magnificent; her apparel so lofty, and

her feathers so waving; her swelling bosom—neque eas ut fœmineas pendiculas, sed quales virginibus globosas—and her lips rosy, and pouting like the cherry.

As he proceeded towards the palace, so disordered were his senses, he thought the walls increased in height as he approached; his heart misgave him as he surveyed them; no friendly inequality for the hand to grasp, or the wearied foot to rest upon. Could I but make a beginning, said he, half my difficulties were vanquished. So Archimedes could have turned the earth, had he but possessed a second to hold his apparatus.

He now endeavoured to scale the walls, but every effort decreased his strength and his hopes; and, had he not fallen asleep in the midst of his perplexities, he had perhaps exerted himself into madness; but even from balmy sleep he gathered no relief; he dreamed of nothing but the princess. Now he beheld her pressing her ripe lips in mockery against an inaccessible window; and now placing his hand upon the summit of the wall, he leaped over it with as much facility and as much contempt as Remus over those of infant Rome. When he awoke, his faculties were less circumscribed, and his patience had acquired renewed energy; he imagined and rejected scheme after scheme; but instead of regretting their impracticability, he lay on his back in mute amaze at the inexhaustibility of his own invention. At length he determined. If, said he, Mohamasim has any affection for the shoulders of Mohamasim, he must cease to be Mohamasim. Philosophers and Persian physicians are above all men respected in Turkey; rise up then, good Mohamasim, a philosopher, he said, and sprang from the ground; his heart dilated with hope as he hastened to his hut. He secured his doors, and proceeded to the habitation of a renowned sage, to obtain some information how to proceed. Arrived, he acquainted his host with his story, and his intentions, and petitioned for his assistance; but petitioning was not sufficient, he was compelled to pay for it.

(Conclusion in our next.)

Envious persons are very miserable, because the happiness of others torments them as much as their own misery.

PHILADELPHIA:

MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1818.

MARRIED, in this city, by the Rev. Dr. Neill, on Tuesday last, Mr. Wm. H. M'Dowell, to Miss Mary Stanley Underwood of Boston, Mass.

The numerous late arrivals from Europe afford no intelligence of interest. Until the *meeting of the kings* takes place, nothing important will occur. Then, it is surmised, material alterations will transpire, not only in France, but other portions of the continent.

A recent attempt has been made at Copenhagen to assassinate the king of Denmark, by a barber-surgeon who attended the morning audiences.

The veteran Kemble, has taken his leave of the stage. His farewell excited much painful emotion and regret, both in himself and audience. He appeared in the character of Coriolanus, at Covent Garden theatre.

Bastide, Jausion, and Colard, the assassins of Fuadès, were executed at Albion, 3d of June.

An earthquake, it is said, has lately utterly destroyed the great city of Philippopoli in Romania. It contained more than 70,000 souls.

The robbers of the Cumberland bank have been detected, and nearly all the amount stolen recovered. Their names were Manly and Rolf. The latter on discovery shot himself. They were both men of respectable standing in Portland, Mass.

The sea serpent excites great interest among our Eastern fishermen. A formidable armament has been fitted out against him, and war regularly proclaimed; but his scaly majesty has wisely withdrawn from the contest.

Advertisements for Wives are becoming very fashionable in the southern states. Among others, we observe one in Georgetown, D. C. which the editor mentions is a *real one*, in which the advertiser states his intention of going to the western country, that he is 25 years of age, good temper [mark that], and not a disagreeable person. The lady must be between 18 and 30; and (like Cælebs) he insists that she must not be fond of dashing at a ball-room or the theatre. But, the best of the matter is, 'she must be seized of 15 or 20 negroes, to work his plantation, as when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.' He further remarks that 'such a woman (tho rare) will be *insisted on!*' Immediate marriage is required, as the old fashioned routine of courtship is disgusting.

[By our Letter-Box.]

THE MIRROR OF REAL LIFE.

"To reform the faulty, and give an innocent amusement to those who are not so."

By an association of Female Spies.

PICTURE NINTH.

If the reader's likeness is not in this picture, it may be in the next.

Hypocrisy is detestable both to God and man: we are told from an unerring mouth, that those found guilty of it *shall have the lowest place in hell!* and sure on earth they merit the most contemptible treatment from their fellow mortals. When once the mask of benevolence and sincerity is plucked off from the face of the seeming angel, and the grim treacherous fiend appears in his native ugliness, by so much the more as our admiration before was of him, will be our abhorrence of him afterwards. We shall hate and fly him, as we once loved and followed him. Every body will be ready to throw a stone at him, and no opportunities of insulting him will be omitted.

MR. OLD-ONE, by sad experience, is convinced, that all his arts are now ineffectual to retrieve any part of that esteem he once was happy in from all degrees of people. The beguiler can beguile no more. By mistaken measures, vainly aiming at greater homage, like Lucifer, the pride-swollen bubble fell at once into the gulf of endless infamy and contempt, whence he can never rise.

Even the very ladies take a pleasure in giving him all the mortification in their power; and as our sex have the privilege of saying whatever we have a mind to, without any danger of resentment from the men, he often meets with the severest sarcasms from those who have wit enough to make them.

When people of such consideration in the world are guilty of notorious hypocritical conduct, as would if possible shame the very father of lies, they cannot expect, when unmasked, any thing less than to become the subject of every satiric genius; and were it the province of "*Brutus*" to attack the *private* vices of this *dictatorial Cræsus*, as he *has* done his *public* conduct, we venture to affirm, if he has but even *one thought* of the probable fate of a hypocrite, he would never dare to do the like again. But as this Picture is only intended to shew the misery which hypocrisy always brings on itself, and not to pourtray the particular vices of one so universally known, we shall merely mention,—by way of proving, what

we before observed, as a caution to others to beware of the crime, that no opportunity is passed over to insult the victim of every one's satire,—a *jeer* which Mr. Oldone met with from his own son, on marrying a lady young enough to be his grand-daughter, and which we think was no less stinging than any out of the many we could relate.—Some little time after his preposterous nuptials, the *pair* and son were together at a concert; several who had not before that time seen Mr. Oldone since the ceremony, congratulated him upon it in the phrases common on such occasions, but in a *tone* which was well understood as well by him as by every one within hearing: this naturally turned the conversation on the happiness of the conjugal state, and one of the company purposely asked Mr. Oldone, Junr. when *he* intended to marry? "Really, sir, (answered he) it is a thing I have not yet given myself much trouble about; for, (added he, with a sarcastic look,) the only lady I wish to have for a wife is *the sister of my mother-in-law*; and the only inducement I have to that is, because I might have the honor of being called *brother* by my *father*!"

Not even those whose interest it was to preserve the good-will of the *director*, had command enough over themselves to restrain smiling at so severe a reply from his son before his face; but those who regarded neither his favor nor resentment, laughed immoderately; and the old *bridegroom*, finding what he had done thus publicly scoffed at, and by his own blood too, was in no less confusion and incapacity of making any return, than he had once before been in when indirectly accused of denying his signature to a promise of marriage! nor could he now, as then, recover himself from it, until more than half a dozen tips of the bottle, (his usual stint,) had given him fresh spirits.

Of his unhappy bride,—anon.

Association in toto.

[NOTE.—The conjectures respecting the author or authors of these home-speculations, are as various as were those respecting '*Brutus*,' the modern Flaccus. Some have attributed them to a certain Divine; some to a celebrated Lawyer; others to the Editor of the paper in which they are published: But however well the first can escape from a lady's chamber, in which he had no *righteous* business; or the second figure at the bar in brow-beating witnesses; or the latter in song-enditing; not one can spy into the scenes which the Argus-eyes of the Female Association daily witness.

The President.]

AN EDITOR'S GLEANINGS.

An English clergyman, says a French writer, preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would go, and for ever and ever inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before such a respectable congregation.

The Mahometans, who affect to express their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, 'There are five things which a wise man will ground no hopes on; the color of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful.'

Mahomet says there are four kinds of women in Paradise, all of equal and extraordinary beauty. Durier, in his French translation of the Koran, thus describes them—The first are white, the second green, the third yellow, and the fourth red. Their bodies are composed of saffron, musk, amber and frankincense, and their hair of carnation; from the toes to the knees they are saffron; from the knees to the breast musk; from the breast to the throat amber; and from the throat to the top of the head, frankincense. Such are the beauties Mahomet promises to his followers in Paradise!

Numberless are the excellent literary works that have been produced in sickness and want, that would never otherwise have seen the light. Dr. Henry wrote his *History of England* when confined to his bed. Dr. Johnson, in indigent circumstances, and oppressed by bodily and mental affliction, accomplished his *Dictionary*. Does any one think he would have done it better if he had been rich, and in a perfect state of health and happiness? Most probably he would not have done it at all!

Dr. Johnson, in his *Rambler*, makes Hypertatus say, 'he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, might, at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with repartee, and froth well declamation; but,' he adds, 'that a garret will make every man a wit, I am very far from supposing: I know there are some who would continue block-heads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe.'

The poor man has this advantage over the rich—the former labors for gold, which he may possibly acquire; but the latter toils for happiness, and he toils in vain!

With respect to laughing, we should consider three things; 1st. who laughs; 2d. who is laughed at; and 3d. what the laughing is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than in his countenance; for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is, in the court of Comus, considered as a fool. When a merry story is told, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it is a kind of compliment to the speaker, and an approbation of the story; but never break into the middle of a story by laughing; such interruption is very disagreeable both to the speaker and the auditors; besides, you ought to save all your merry ammunition till the end of the tale.

MORAL WIT.

A boy sitting in the church-yard, on the tomb of his father, thus addressed himself to another boy. 'This tomb of my father,' said he, 'tis of marble, his epitaph is written in letters of gold, and the pavement around it is Mosaic work; but nothing appears at thy father's grave but a small plain stone at the head, and a lesser one at the foot, and a few shovels full of earth over his body.' 'Hold your tongue' said the other, 'before your father shall have been able to remove that fine stone in the day of judgment, mine will have arrived in Paradise.'

BRIDAL DRESS.

Wedding dress of her royal highness the Duchess of Cambridge—A very rich silver tissue, with two blond flounces of beautiful Brussels point lace; each flounce headed with rich silver scalloped trimming: the sleeves tastefully looped up with silver tassels, and richly trimmed with Brussels lace to correspond. A silver tissue robe, lined with white satin, trimmed with broad Brussels lace, and bordered with a rich silver scalloped trimming to match the dress, fastened in the waist with a brilliant diamond clasp; head-dress a brilliant bandeau of diamonds.

ANECDOTES.

The following noblemen are shortly expected to dine with lord Exmouth, viz.—lord Plymouth, lord Teignmouth, lord Falmouth, lord Dartmouth, lord Sidmouth, lord Weymouth, lord Portsmouth, lord Yarmouth, and lord Cockermouth. The entertainment will be sumptuous, and if all their lordships sit down to it, Lord how they will **MOUTH** it.

A wag plagued with an unruly wife, being solicited to view the Winchester cathedral to see the beautiful *aisles* and *fretwork*, declined the invitation, saying, 'I have enough of *aisles* and *fret-work* at home.'

Dr. Bentley, of England, who became famous for his classical learning, was very wild and dissipated in his youth. While he was in the University, his father purchased and sent him several folio volumes, which the young spark sold, and with the money bought a good supply of wine. His father visiting him soon after the transaction, asked him what he had done with those folios which he had sent him, 'Please, sir, to step here,' then opening a closet door, he pointed to a number of quart bottles filled with wine. 'Your *Folios*,' added the son, 'I have *turned* into *Quart*-os; but if you will forgive me this extravagance, it shall be the last.' And he kept his word.

The French, said a young Irish barrister, always put the horse before the cart, and I remember a loyal son of France who never spoke of Bonaparte but as '*von dem start up!*'

A spruce buck was boasting of his success with the fair, and among other things declared that he might have *sparked* it with a celebrated lady whom he named. 'Why then, (said his friend) did you neglect such a golden opportunity?' 'Because (answered he) *'she begged to be excused; and I was such a deuced fool, that I excused her!'*

A Dublin paper says, 'A man of the name of Richard Ewan, excise officer, was found *dead*, in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, early on Saturday morning, and *expired soon after!*'

A miserly old gentleman, who had a very dissipated son; being asked 'why he toiled so hard to hoard up money which he knew his son would squander as soon as he was gone,' replied—'If my son has half the pleasure in spending that I have in saving, I shall be well satisfied.'

A countryman in England being requested to help a member of parliament out of a ditch, in which he had accidentally fell from his horse, replied that he had no hand in *state affairs*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To take skippers from cheese.—Wrap the cheese in thin brown paper, so thin that moisture may soon strike thro; dig a hole about two feet deep in good sweet earth, in which the cheese must be buried about 36 hours; then take it out, and the skippers will be found all on the outside of the cheese, brush them off immediately, and your cheese will be sound and entirely free throughout.

To detect adulterated, or substitutes for, tea-leaves.—Lay the leaves on wetted paper, and rub them: if they are genuine, no color will be perceived, but if not, a strong dye will stain the paper.

To preserve boiled meat.—As boiled meat soon spoils by being kept in summer, unless put into ice-houses, which are not always to be possessed, this may inform, that if such meat be put into a covered vessel containing good vinegar, it may be preserved sound and salutary a considerable time. Tainted meat may be rendered good by pickling it in potash-water for some time. Before it is cooked however, it should be soaked in vinegar and then salted in brine. N.B. Pepper is the most deleterious article to be put, or suffered to remain, on meat intended for keeping. Much flesh victuals is lost for want of knowing this fact.

To freshen salt meat.—Wash your meat, if too salt, in sea-water, or spring-water with sea-salt dissolved in it; and it will be deprived of its saltish taste much better than fresh water. This fact is well known to all sailors.

To take stains out of linen.—Stains occasioned by fruit, &c. are readily removed from clothes, by wetting them and placing them near lighted brimstone—a few common matches will answer the purpose. The sulphureous gas extracts the mark.

To exterminate rats and mice.—Rats and mice will immediately quit your house, barn, granary, &c. if you place therein the field plant called dogstongue, bruised with a hammer.

Effectually to destroy bed-bugs.—Take two ounces of quicksilver and the whites of two eggs, and so in proportion. Beat the two ingredients together until they unite and become a froth. With a feather then apply the compound to the crevices in your bedsteads, &c. This done once or twice a year will prove effectual. An old remedy, but a sure one.

To revive drooping flowers.—Place them in scalding water, deep enough to cover a third of the length of the stem; by the time the water has become cold, the flowers will have become erect and fresh, then cut off the withered stems and put them in fresh water.

[By our Letter-Box.]

HENRY.

When Henry first my eyes admired,
I madly thought myself his friend:
Too soon I found twas love inspired
Those hopes on which my joys depend.

O! may my Henry grateful prove,
And make me generous kind returns!
So may that friendship turn to love,
Which in his gentle bosom burns.

Then Laura so supremely blest,
Shall by experience sweetly prove,
Of every earthly charm possess,
The angelic bliss of mutual love. ALMIRA.

MY SISTER'S TOMB.

I love a little tender flow'r,
That purple and bright yellow shows;
It springs in friendship's genial bow'r,
Where blooms the rose.

The wild bee slumbers on its breast,
Or murmurs round its fragile stem;
When morning shines upon its crest
Of lucid gem.

'Tis odoriferously sweet,
When wash'd with show'rs that cool the gale,
Wafting its lovely fragrance fleet,
Adown the vale.

On yonder consecrated ground,
O let it live and ever bloom!
I'll plant it on that sacred mound,
My sister's tomb! MARIA.

N. Messenger.]

THE VOLUNTEER, AND HIS ADELAIDE.

She buckled on his broadsword bright,
And wove with lily hands his plume:
But, ah! may not the battle's light
His shade of death relume?

The day arrived, the fatal day,
That tore her true-love from her arms:
With many a tear he burst away,
To dwell in war's alarms.

But short the kindling of his eye—
The bolt of death is hurl'd!
The soul, that once was full and high,
Is wrested from the world.

And since that day, that fatal day,
Within the cloister's midnight gloom,
A form, whose light hath past away,
Strews wild-flow'rs on his tomb. K.

B. Telegraph.]

PERJURED MAID.

How couldst thou Susan prove untrue,
And from a love so ardent sever
The cords which knit my soul to you,
And would have bound it there forever?

To thee my earliest vows were paid;
From thee I first learnt what was heaven;
And if in ought we've either stray'd,
Be mine the fault, but thou forgiven.

We once drank deep from love's chaste stream,
And ours were more than earthly blisses;
Sure, dear one, 'twas not all a dream,
When kindred souls dissolved in kisses.

But, ah! those days have now gone by,
When life was love and fond caressing;
And I, alone, am left to sigh
At recollections so distressing.

Thou found'st me once the child of bliss,
In young life's warmest sunbeams smiling;
And all thou didst return for this,
Were vows so dear, yet so beguiling.

Toss'd 'mid the tempest of the brain,
A weary exile on life's ocean;
And not one ray to light the scene;
Within despair—without commotion.

I feel the death chill at my heart,
And my last life drops slowly moving;
But with that life alone shall part
The memory of our former loving.

GREENWICH.

EPIGRAM

On a certain defect in a lady's vision.

Unsocial eyes! there plac'd within her head,
Like man and wife, when six months tuck'd in bed;
If this but moves, as 'let's be friends' 'twould say,
That to its utmost limit runs away.

OH! SOON RETURN.

The white sail caught the evening ray,
 The wave beneath us seem'd to burn,
 When all my weeping love could say,
 Was, 'Oh! soon return.'
 Thro many a clime our ship was driven,
 O'er many a billow radely thrown,
 Now chill'd beneath a northern heaven,
 Now sunn'd by a summer's zone;
 Yet still where e'er our course we lay,
 When ev'ning bid the west wave burn,
 I thought I heard her faintly say,
 'Oh! soon return.'

If ever yet my bosom found,
 Its thoughts one moment turn'd from thee,
 'Twas when the combat rag'd around,
 And brave men look'd to me;
 But tho mid battles' wild alarm,
 Young Love himself could not appear,
 He gave to glory's brow the charm,
 Which made ev'n danger dear.
 And then when vict'ries calm came o'er,
 The hearts where rage had ceas'd to burn,
 I heard that farewell voice once more,
 'Oh! soon return.'

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

The moon was beaming silver bright,
 The eye no cloud could view,
 Her lover's step in silent night
 Well pleased, the damsel knew;
 At midnight hour, beneath the tow'r,
 He murmur'd soft, "Oh! nothing fearing,
 With your own true soldier fly,
 And his faithful heart be cheering:
 List, dear, tis I! list, list, list, love!
 List, dear, tis I!
 With thine own true soldier fly.

'Then whisper'd Love, "Oh! maiden fair,
 Ere morning shed its ray,
 Thy lover calls, all peril dare,
 And haste to horse away!

In time of need, yon gallant steed,
 That champs the rein, delay reproving,
 Shall each peril bear thee by,
 With his master's charmer roving;
 List, dear, tis I! &c.
 With thine own true soldier fly."

And now her gallant soldier's bride,
 She's fled her home afar;
 And, chance, or joy or woe betide,
 She'll brave with him the war!

And bless the hour, when 'neath the tow'r
 He whisper'd soft, "Oh! nothing fearing,
 With thine own true soldier fly,
 And his faithful heart be cheering;
 List, dear, tis I! &c.
 With thine own true soldier fly."

THE CONNUBIAL MEETING.

I saw them meet—the pangs of absence o'er—
 And memory holds a picture of the place;
 'Twas at the threshold of her cottage door,
 Eliza met her husband's warm embrace.

How animated shone her eager eye,
 Where joy's delicious tear suspended hung;
 Her bosom heaved, but pleasure raised the sigh!
 Her voice was mute, but bliss had seal'd her
 tongue.

Prest in his arms, the chaste connubial kiss
 Her nectar'd lips by turns received and gave;
 Then, as ashamed of the excessive bliss,
 Her love-dyed blush she bids his bosom save.

But recollection whisper'd yet a joy,
 'Twas her's to give, and from the trance she
 Puts in his arms their little infant boy, [starts,
 Love's precious pledge that closer binds their
 hearts.

While round their sire the older prattlers cling,
 Beg for a kiss, their little tales recite;
 Each emulous some trifling boon to bring,
 And share their parents' unalloy'd delight.

Forgotten now is separation's smart,
 Or but remember'd as the zest of joy;
 Her smiles are sunshine to his gladden'd heart,
 And love-created fears no more annoy.

EPIGRAM.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
 His wife was plastering dearie's head,
 Who sigh'd; but dare not shake it!
 'Tis well Tom's pace was somewhat slower,
 For had he come an hour before
 He'd seen the vixen break it!